THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace: that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"—ISAIAH LII, 7.

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A MINNESOTA TORNADO.

JANSON'S DESCRIPTION OF THE DESOLATING BLAST.

THE popular Norwegian poet, novelist, preacher and philosopher, Kristofer Janson, lost heavily in a recent tornado which passed over the little Minnesota parish in which he is stationed. In a letter to the current number of the Chicago *Unity*, Mr. Janson describes the tornado in his characteristic, sweet, simple, quaint and graphic style. Here is a bit of description well worthy of Jean Ingelow:

"We had but two wings on the church, you know, as a summer resort for me and my family, and we had just moved in. The church itself was not yet finished, the doors and windows not put in, and the carpenters and joiners busy at their work when the misfortune happened. The weather had been turbulent for many days, every night lightning and thundering and violent showers. It was in the morning on the 21st. We had just taken our breakfast, and had gathered out on the porch to look at the grand play of the elements performed before us. Around in the horizon there flashed lightning on lightning, and it thickened and darkened more and more. We foresaw a violent tempest. It seemed as if the storm moved away from us in the direction of New Ulm, and we wondered if that town would be drowned to death for the second time. It was swept away by a cyclone two years ago, you remember. A cloud, black as the raven's wing, appeared in the west. Suddenly it split, and between the two black trains expanded the most fearful, dismal sky I ever saw. The color was green—gray—yellow, and it darkened the sun so it became dim as twilight. The carpenters had by-and-by gathered together with us on the porch. 'This must be a hail-storm,' one of them said; 'now we will pretty soon hear of disasters.' Suddenly the cleft widened between the two black cloud-wings, and the upper one came with a terrible speed, hurrying back toward us. 'Let us walk in,' I said. 'It seems

as if we, too, shall get a taste of it.' We went in and our parlor looked quite dark. We had scarcely locked the door before we heard the roaring of the storm coming. In a moment we were surrounded by a white cloud, and the wind and rain lashed the house, which groaned and shivered all through. It was not rain, it was furious torrents of water mixed with heavy hail, which poured down from heaven. The storm tried to burst open the door, but five men pressed against it with all their might. The wall seemed to give way and stood in a bow; the building shook as in convulsions. I felt like a tightening of my heart every time the house seemed to be lifted from the ground and dropped down again. Twice we had these terrible shocks, then in a moment, house, men and furniture were hurled through the air 100 feet away. I do not remember anything before I found myself on the ground crawling among the debris of my new home. The first that I discovered was my wife, with a child in each arm, lying at my side. Men and children were scattered around among lumber and sidings, whether alive or dead nobody could tell. A table and staircase came flying through the air; some men met them and pushed them away, so they did not kill my wife and children; bits of wall and roof whirled round us; here it was impossible to remain. We crept and crawled and ran for our lives down to the forest. As we found each other there, we were only six; a friend of ours, a farmer, had one of the small girls in his arms, my wife another, and one of my sons clung to me. But where were the rest of the children? I had myself seen one of the carpenters run with my third little girl—but the eldest and youngest boy? Killed, perhaps, or lying mutilated among the ruins and impossible to look for them. The hurricane would have swept us away as soon as we had moved from the wood. The only thing to do was to press the children to us, and give them as much shelter as we could with our broader backs. The rain and the hail lashed us, the oak shrubs were blown flat to the ground, and their limbs struck our heads and shoulders like whips. We were obliged to change twice to get more shelter and deeper into the brush. Four other men came to us in the wood. They could tell that my eldest son was seen following the man who carried my little girl, but the youngest boy nobody had seen. One of the men—it was the contractor of the building—said that he had been out in the other wing of the church, the kitchen, when the storm carried that wing away, and he had just saved his life by jumping into the cellar. From this shelter he had seen his pride—the church—splintered. It was lifted from the ground twice, and sailed like a ship down hill till the roof burst, and then it was torn to pieces.

"The lips of the children became quite blue, and they shivered all through; we must try to escape to the nearest farm down in the larger forest. Two of the men carried the two small girls, then followed I myself with my son and one of the carpenters hand in hand, and at last came my wife supported by two other men. We waded through the grass and underbrush and mud, while the wind howled and the rain lashed and chilled us. We saw at a distance the house of our nearest neighbor, the man who had made his escape with my little girl. It was moved from its ground but not tipped over, but it was impossible to stop and investigate whether the rest of the children were there or not; we must run all we could. I shall never forget the calm but

pale face of my wife, with her hair whirling round her head in wet tatters, and with the water streaming from her face, hands and dress, dragged along between the two men. As long as we had shelter in the wood it went on pretty well, but soon we had to pass a shelterless road. Then came a lightning and a thunder crash, so that I believed that the heavens would crack, and I bowed down; I did not dare to look back whether my wife was struck or not. At last we reached the farm. God be praised! Saved, and with unbroken limbs! But the rest of the children?

"As soon as possible the men went out to search for them. In less than half an hour they came back with them all alive; they were found on the neighbor's farm. My little girl had got some slight wounds around the eyes from hail; she had cried on her mother the whole time, and the man who saved her was compelled to take her by the neck and keep her to the ground. The youngest boy had lain down, grasped the grass and cried: 'I shall die! I shall die!' As soon as possible our neighbor had moved from his shelter among the shrubs and tried to reach his farm. He had not moved far away before the roof of the church came flying and dropped down just where he had been sitting with the children. The kitchen wing had been ground to small pieces. We were sixteen together in the house, and nobody is seriously hurt. It sounds like a miracle."

Mr. Janson's personal loss was heavy, almost complete. One hundred and fifty dollars in money were strewn about over the prairie; his "furniture," clothing and all chattels broken and spoiled. His manuscripts, including a new book ready for the press, and all his literary work since coming to America, are also gone upon the wings of the destroying blast. The little church and home are total wrecks, and the crops of the congregation are utterly blasted. Genial, philosophical, mild-eyed, big-brained Janson has been afflicted. A considerable community in Madison feel for him as they would for a brother.

ABUSING THE "MORMONS."

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THOUSANDS of tourists and sight-seers, students of social and political economy, editors and press reporters in search of news, and preachers with the ostensible object of investigating the "Mormon problem," visit the principal cities of Utah every year. Many of these mingle among the Latter-day Saints, profess great admiration for them and their country, ask and accept favors at their hands, express their surprise at the people having been so misrepresented, and avow their intention of defending the character of the "Mormons" when they leave, and telling nothing but the truth about them. Perhaps most of them do this in good faith, really intending to fulfill all they promise. We prefer to take this charitable view of it to believing that they wilfully act the hypocrite while among the Saints, and that their profession of admiration, friendship or sympathy for them is all a sham and a deception. But whichever view is correct, it is a well-known fact that but very few out of the many who thus visit that Territory and people have the manhood, courage and honesty to come out boldly before the world and defend or tell

the truth about "that sect which is everywhere spoken against." It is so much more popular to join in the general tirade of abuse against them that they really cannot resist the temptation. They possibly conclude in time that the evidence of their own eyes and ears while making observations among that people must be less reliable than the general verdict of common rumor, and if they feel any compunction at taking up the hue and cry against them, they are consoled by the thought that "everybody does it." We noticed a communication lately in the Ogden *Herald*, from Elder John Reeve, who is now laboring in the Norwich Conference, in which an incident is mentioned which will tend to illustrate what we have been saying. Alluding to his voyage from New York to Liverpool, Elder Reeve says:

"We had a very agreeable list of passengers, among whom were two Reverend gentlemen, one a Mr. Hewitt, of Wichita, Kansas. This gentleman used to be in Montana, and during his stay there he visited Salt Lake, and applied for a pass over the U. C. R. R. on account of his cloth. I succeeded in getting him a pass. The gentleman did not recognize me on board until one day a New York gentleman had been giving away some brandy to sick passengers. Mr. Hewitt hoped he had not given any to the 'Mormons.' I asked why he did not wish any given to them. Not knowing I was a 'Mormon,' he launched out against them bitterly. I asked if he would not be willing to receive favors from 'Mormons.' He replied he would suffer anything rather than be under any obligation to one of them. I then reminded the Rev. gentleman of his asking a 'Mormon' for a pass over a 'Mormon' road, telling him I was the very 'Mormon' he asked for it. He then recognized me and was somewhat disconcerted, but made ample apology and shut up for the rest of the voyage, and all the other saloon passengers treated me with the greatest respect during the voyage."

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD.

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A CORRESPONDENT of the *Utah Journal*, writing, over the signature of "Hoodoo," of the grand National Park on the Yellowstone river, which he is visiting, has this to say of the wonderful Geysers:

Here nature, or more properly speaking Nature's God, causes daily to flow, within an area of a few miles, more hot water than is used in all the public and private laundries of the world, or possibly more than the channel of Logan river could manage to drain. If the "Seven Wonders of the World" were natural, not artificial, then these mighty, roaring, steam-convulsed, seething, bottomless springs and water volcanoes would be the eighth and greatest of all.

Did you ever feel the vibration of an ocean steamer while blowing off steam when overcharged with that powerful agency? If so, then you have a faint idea of what the "Castle Geyser" does, even hours after an eruption. It has a huge base of solid rock and a cone perhaps fifteen feet high, and one is awe-struck at the rumbling caused by the boiling water and escaping steam. Becoming accustomed to the noise and familiar with the huge boiling, bubbling springs upon every hand, and, taking advantage of the passing breeze which wafted the stream eastward, we ventured to climb up and take a look down the awful throat of that Geyser monster.

The Grand played seemingly for our special benefit, making seven distinct,

prolonged and splendid eruptions, throwing up a vast body of water a distance of about 125 feet. The Bee Hive—named, it may be, in honor of the Territory, which holds that emblem sacred, a coat of arms denoting sweetness and industry—notified us as the only representatives of Utah present, that it would perform. And no sooner were we on the ground, or rather rock, than up shot out of the cone a column of water, about ten feet in circumference and perhaps 200 feet high, which continued to play just five minutes. Hats, tin cans and sticks thrust into the column—for one could stand close up to it on the windward side—were thrown by the force of steam, even higher than the water. Just as the Bee Hive subsided, Old Faithful, which plays night and day every 65 minutes, commenced his display, and performed splendidly. The Giantess, which throws an immense body of water, had been in eruption a few hours before we came, while the Giant was silent, and as he only performs once a week, we were not willing to wait, even to see his majesty throw, as it is said he does, a huge body of water 350 feet high. Just think of it! A column of boiling water thrown up twice as high as the Logan Temple!

Excelsior is the largest, but it plays irregularly. When it does explode, however, it is said that it throws up nearly a quarter of an acre of water over 460 feet high. We saw it boiling only in the center. It is 200 x 250 feet across; how deep no man knows. How the hog packers of Chicago would rejoice to have such a spring! they would be sure to make a corner on hot water. The Turban, Indicator, Grotto, Lion and Lioness each gave us a display of their ability to *spout*, while many others too numerous to mention here, allowed us to gaze down their wonderful and enchanting depths, being placid and marvelously clear. One we named "Chief," as no name was indicated near it, was, for beauty of surroundings, made by its own formations, more enchanting that any others visited by our party.

Crossing a low divide that separates the Yellowstone and Fire Hole rivers which flow in opposite directions, we reach Mary's Lake, a lovely mountain mirror, framed in moss-covered pebbles and fallen, and thrifty growing timber. Thence descending in a north-easterly direction we behold the steam ascending from numerous sulphurous mud geysers, and as it floats above, beautiful groves and lovely glens appear like vapor clouds. As we continue, the scenery becomes more strikingly interesting and we are filled with delight. The dark forests which cover either side of narrow valleys that are decked now in the freshness of luxurious, matted grasses and blooming flowers, give a variety that is very attractive. Miniature meadows and babbling brooks all tend to enchantment, and make one feel that here, in July, is all the freshness and beauty of spring, as spring is known in France or England. Europe may boast of magnificent places of pleasure and resort, but Europe has nothing to compare with the wondrous Park. It is simply indescribable, grand beyond any description which your correspondent can give.

Just before reaching the Yellowstone river, we came to some very curious hills, from which hissed steam from a thousand sulphurous apertures; and we felt that we must be near that place described by our Methodist friends as hell. Here great heaps of sulphur, chrystalize in the sun. One spring bubbled and boiled and covered itself with a sulphurous foam, while another

near by, like a huge caldron, threw boiling masses of blue mud. Beneath our feet, under the shell of ground, or rather mineral, over which we walked, we heard a constant gurgling of the heated mass below, and all around we saw jets of steam, indicating danger where the crust was thin. I attempted to pick up a fine specimen of sulphur, and found it hot and heavy. The mingling colors, showing every imaginable, well defined shade, were simply marvelous, and we readily distinguished twenty distinct tints. The place is known as the sulphur mountain and springs.

Reaching the river we have a fine drive through a beautiful forest of trees along its northern bank. It is a silent but swiftly flowing stream, and one of the most beautiful it has ever been my fortune to see. Like a broad sheet of glass, mirroring hills, dells and groves, it glides silently to cataracts a mile below. Myriads of fine looking trout fill the waters, and catch with avidity the fly. But alas, they are unsound, being filled with little worms, which render them unfit for food. Science has as yet failed to account for the disease with which they are afflicted; some believe it to be caused by overstock, others by the lack of salt, etc. The real cause, however, may be the eating of numerous mountain mosquitos whose bills, like needles, possibly penetrate and disease their digestive organs. Whatever the cause, one can but deplore the result.

Above the point which forms the crescent herein mentioned, the river makes a series of bold sweeps, forming reverse curves, and then passing on increases its current and rushes over a series of fine cascades; then narrowing from about 400 to less than 100 feet, it leaps down in roaring torrents into the seething abyss 140 feet below. White, fleecy clouds, like mists rise gently and moisten the mountains which answer responsively by producing a wondrous vegetation of marvelous beauty and freshness.

What shall I say of the lower falls and magnificently grand box canyon, half a mile farther down? Of wonderful combinations of striking grandeur, these are the most wonderful of all—the marvel not only of this, grandest of all parks, but they must become, when better known, the marvel of the world. We have many grand canyons in Utah, but nothing that can at all compare with this, even without considering the sublime falls.

How insignificant man appears in the midst of nature's great works, of which these marvels are certainly the grandest on earth! Gazing from an overhanging rock down into the foaming mass 350 feet below, one can but experience profound feelings of awe, and be moved by sentiments of reverence towards the Creator under whose laws these wonders have been wrought out. How puny the voice of man! How mighty that of falling waters! How little the greatest works of man appear when compared with the smallest work of God! The grandeur of the Yellowstone canyon and falls fills the mind at once with a voiceless admiration. An attempt to describe them seems almost sacrilege. In dumb silence one feels intuitively to take off his hat and gaze and wonder, and wonder and gaze at the awful grandeur around him. But as he begins to take in details and notes the towering pinnacles, magnificent domes, sweeping amphitheatres, grand slides, mineral colored in every shade of the rainbow, and sparkling with the spray that trembles on

moss, fern and flower, while the tumultuous waters roar, leap and foam, his delight finds expression in such words as he can command.

The Yellowstone falls and the tremendous gap cut through the mountains, rugged, winding and grand, once seen can never be forgotten. To the hopeful and good, it is a place of wonder, affording delight indescribable; to the disappointed and despondent, ruined in moral and physical health, it may prove only the suicide's paradise.

DEATH OF JUDGE BLACK.

JUDGE Jeremiah S. Black, whose able argument on "Federal Jurisdiction in the Territories" was published in the STAR some months since, is no more. He died at his home in Pennsylvania on the 19th ult., after an extended and severe illness. His death, though not entirely unexpected, has produced a sensation of gloom throughout the Union, for he was very generally known and highly respected. He was born in the Glades of Somerset County, Pennsylvania, Jan. 10, 1810, so that at the time of his death he was in his seventy-fourth year. He was a man of powerful mind, keen susceptibility, profound study and undaunted courage. Whatever study he pursued, or whatever cause he undertook to defend, he entered into with all his heart, and whether pleading for the injured or oppressed before the tribunals of the land, contending for constitutional rights for all before the law-makers of the nation, or proving the existence and defending the character of a Supreme Being in controversy with Ingersoll, the eloquent infidel, he was alike bold, vigorous, profound, logical, caustic and convincing. He was acknowledged to be the best constitutional lawyer of the age, and was admired for his talents even by those who were opposed to him in politics. He filled the offices successively of Circuit Judge, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and Attorney General of the United States, with honor to himself and credit to the nation; but among all the noble acts of his life, none will add more lustre to his name as time rolls on, than his eloquent defence of the Latter-day Saints before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives in February, 1883. And no class of his acquaintances will revere his memory more than will that despised people called "Mormons." Shortly before his death he said to his wife:

"How can I fear to cross the river, when my Father waits for me on the other shore?" and added, "Would I were as comfortable about all I leave behind in this world;" and then breathed the following earnest prayer: "Oh, Thou most beloved and merciful Heavenly Father, from whom I had my being and in whom I have ever trusted; if it be Thy will, grant that my suffering may end, and that I be called home to Thee, and oh, my God, bless and comfort thee, my Mary."

CONFERENCE IN LONDON.—Meetings of the London Conference will be held on Sunday, October 14th, in Orson's Assembly Rooms, 23 New Road, Commercial Road, Whitechapel, East London, commencing at 10-30 a.m., and 2-30 and 6-30 p.m. President John Henry Smith will be present.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1883.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE Savior upon one occasion reproached the Pharissee and Sadducees for not observing the signs of the times. He said to them, "When it is evening ye say, It will be fair weather: for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day: for the sky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?" The people to whom He then spoke were like a great many who live in the present age, they paid a great deal of attention to things that were of little consequence, while they "omitted the weightier matters of the law." They were careful and studious in regard to unimportant things, while they were blind or indifferent as to the things pertaining to their eternal welfare. The Savior denounced them unsparingly for their hypocrisy, their long prayers uttered to be heard of men, and the sanctimonious airs they assumed while rejecting Him, "the rock of their salvation." If they had understood the signs of the times, they would have not only been looking for the Messiah whose coming had been so long predicted, but they would have been glad to accept of the means of salvation which He offered.

Now what can we say of the signs of the times at present? To say the least, they are ominous. Never perhaps were they more so. Even a cursory view of the present condition of things, social, political and religious, throughout the world, is not calculated to inspire us with confidence in the stability of the present national powers or the prospect of continued peace. And a careful analysis of the existing conditions upon which the peace and continued prosperity of nations as well as individuals depend, will reveal to us facts which are anything but encouraging. We have no disposition to figure as an alarmist and arouse unnecessary fears, any more than we would care to be considered an optimist, regarding all that is as good, and just as it should be. But there are things that bespeak coming trouble which we cannot fail to notice. Among the most portentous signs of the times may be mentioned the secret organizations in almost every civilized nation. Whether known as Fenians, Invincibles, Socialists, Communists, Nihilists, or any other of the many names by which combinations of men are called who are banded together for the purpose of overthrowing civil rule and getting gain or power by violent measures, they are to be regarded with dread. And it is very evident that they are so regarded. Think of the immense police and military force employed by the various nations of Europe

and the espionage to which the citizens are subjected to guard against conspiracies and revolts! Think of the fiendish dynamite plots every now and then discovered! It is only too apparent that there is an under stratum of society almost everywhere that is turbulent and dissatisfied, desperate and revolutionary in its nature, that is like a smouldering volcano, ready to burst forth at any moment and in any place, and spread anarchy and ruin.

The Latter-day Saints are made aware of the danger to be apprehended from such a source by the inspired predictions contained in the Book of Mormon. There are many allusions in that sacred record to the secret combinations which should exist in the last days, their object and the power which should inspire them. In the 8th chapter of the Book of Ether, verses 22-25, we find the following:

"And whatsoever nation shall uphold such secret combinations, to get power and gain, until they shall spread over the nation, behold, they shall be destroyed, for the Lord will not suffer that the blood of his saints, which shall be shed by them, shall always cry unto him from the ground for vengeance upon them; and yet he avenge them not; wherefore, O ye Gentiles, it is wisdom in God that these things should be shewn unto you, that thereby ye may repent of your sins, and suffer not that these murderous combinations shall get above you, which are built up to get power and gain, and the work, yea, even the work of destruction come upon you, yea, even the sword of the justice of the eternal God shall fall upon you, to your overthrow and destruction, if ye shall suffer these things to be; wherefore the Lord commandeth you, when ye shall see these things come among you, that ye shall awake to a sense of your awful situation, because of this secret combination which shall be among you, or wo be unto it, because of the blood of them who have been slain; for they cry from the dust for vengeance upon it, and also upon those who build it up. For it cometh to pass that whoso buildeth it up, seeketh to overthrow the freedom of all lands, nations, and countries; and it bringeth to pass the destruction of all people, for it is built up by the devil, who is the father of all lies; even that same liar who beguiled our first parents; yea, even that same liar who hath caused man to commit murder from the beginning; who hath hardened the hearts of men, that they have murdered the prophets, and stoned them, and cast them out from the beginning. Wherefore, I, Moroni, am commanded to write these things, that evil may be done away, and that the time may come that Satan may have no power upon the hearts of the children of men, but that they may be persuaded to do good continually, that they may come unto the fountain of all righteousness and be saved."

There are other combinations, scarcely less to be dreaded, which are organized for the purpose of controling capital, oppressing the poor and making the rich and speculative classes richer at the expense of the poor and laboring classes. Nowhere, perhaps, is the power of this kind of combination more oppressively felt than in free and enlightened America. There, moneyed rings control the railroads of the country, the telegraph lines, the markets, the mines, much of the public domain (which they acquire by subsidy from the Government or other means), in fact, nearly all the resources of the country, and exert so much power that they cannot be successfully legislated against even in that Republican Government. It is not difficult to foresee that the growth of corporations of this kind, that have no interest in the laboring class except for what they can make out of them, will tend to revolts and anarchy in time. The embittered feelings that are shown on occasions of labor strikes in America and Europe give evidence of this. An extensive strike in the United States among telegraph operators has terminated by the strikers acceding to the terms of their soulless masters. A strike

among the laboring classes in the "Black Country" here in England a short time since ended in the same way. Another strike which is now in progress among the cotton manufacturers in and about Ashton, will probably culminate in the operatives yielding to the terms of their employers. But are the feelings of the men satisfied when they do thus yield? No; they feel that they have been wronged, and they only await a more favorable opportunity of securing what they desire by foul means if not by fair. Thus the breach between the poor and rich is becoming wider, class distinctions resulting from wealth and poverty are becoming stronger on every hand, and the sympathy between them weaker every day. Some day there is sure to come a crisis from this state of things which will shake society and civil governments to their very foundation.

Now let us glance briefly at the attitude of the various nations one towards another. It is true that actual war does not now exist between any of the Great Powers of the earth, and the general feeling among them is apparently more friendly than it has been at some times in the past. But mark the distrust that everywhere exists. The British nation is even afraid to allow a tunnel to be constructed under the English Channel to facilitate commerce, by having railroad trains pass from Dover to Calais, lest she should be overrun by a hostile foe. To say the least, it indicates anything but a feeling of confidence between nations. In fact, it is plain to a close observer that no real friendship exists among the nations, but each of the Great Powers is watching jealously the actions of the others, and looking out at the same time for some means of increasing its power. France and China are just now having a quarrel over Tonquin, and war between those two nations seems to be among the probabilities. And if it does commence it is likely to prove serious, for China has been preparing for war for some time. The ambitious and aggressive Russian bear is laying its paw upon Bulgaria, and Austria and Germany, fearing the increase of Russian influence in the Balkan Peninsula, are becoming excited over it and are likely to interfere, and trouble will be very apt to result. Roumania, tired of Russian dictation, is said to have formed an alliance with Austria, Germany and Italy; an alliance between Russia and France has been hinted at; Germany, looking to future trouble, is courting the friendship of Spain; Spain in turn is harassed by threatened revolts in Cuba, and Austria is racked by a serious insurrection in Croatia. New complications are constantly arising in diplomatic circles, and no one can tell in the present state of uneasiness what a day may bring forth. Wars between nations and also internal wars have been predicted, and we may look for them, and the prospect is that they are not far distant. The Lord said in a revelation given through Joseph Smith in 1831, after commanding the Saints to gather out from eastern lands and build up Zion:

"And it shall come to pass, among the wicked, that every man that will not take his sword against his neighbor, must needs flee unto Zion for safety. And there shall be gathered unto it out of every nation under heaven; and it shall be the only people that shall not be at war one with another. And it shall be said among the wicked, Let us not go up to battle against Zion, for the inhabitants of Zion are terrible; wherefore we cannot stand. And it shall come to pass that the righteous shall be gathered out from among all nations, and shall come to Zion, singing with songs of everlasting joy.

What with the cholera in Egypt, working its way westward, having come from India, and likely to extend through Europe, and the foot-and-mouth disease spreading among cattle, sheep and swine in England, it looks as if pestilential scourges were going to be added to the troubles that we have already mentioned. With all the advancement which science has made among the enlightened western nations in dealing with disease, it is not likely that they will be able to cope successfully with such a plague as the cholera in their present corrupt condition, which is growing worse every day from excesses of appetites and passions. Desolating scourges have been decreed, they are sure to come, and we may look for them very soon.

The prophetic utterances in the Book of Mormon, which has now been published upwards of fifty-three years, foretell in great plainness the condition of the people at the time of its being brought forth and the work of God re-commenced in the last days. It refers to the unbelief that should prevail and the strife that should exist among the many churches, each claiming to be the accepted Church of the Lord; their pretended reverence for past revelations from God, and their declaration that "this day He is not a God of miracles;" the pride that should fill the hearts of men; the manner in which the poor should be oppressed; the sin and corruption which should exist, and the final destruction of the wicked if they did not repent and live in accordance with the laws of God. Some of these predictions have been literally fulfilled, and the signs of the times indicate that the others will be very shortly. We now hear of wars and rumors of wars; the Lord has begun to speak by the "voice of thunderings and lightnings and the voice of tempests, and the voice of the waves of the sea heaving themselves beyond their bounds," and we may soon look for the fulfillment of the Savior's prediction: "Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines and pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places." Couple the injunction of the Savior: "When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place," with the quotation before given in regard to the peace which shall reign in Zion, and we can understand how the Lord would have us escape these dire judgments.

The Latter-day Saints are engaged in building up Zion; they are going abroad too and preaching the Gospel to the nations of the earth; those who accept it, gather out from Babylon and live as God would have them, will escape the scourges which are coming, while those who reject the Gospel and continue in their wickedness will be overtaken.

MURDER OF MARSHAL BURT.

THE painful news has reached us that Bishop Andrew H. Burt, Chief of Police and City Marshal of Salt Lake City, has been murdered. On the 25th ult., while attempting to arrest a negro named Joseph Samuels, who had been creating a disturbance, flourishing a pistol and threatening people's lives, he was shot by that individual, the ball passing through his arm and body and causing his death within a few moments. C. H. Wilcken, who was with Captain Burt at the time of the tragedy, tried to save the life of his friend

by grappling with the desperado, and received a shot himself through the fleshy part of the arm, but courageously held on to and overpowered him alone, while the bystanders ran away to save their lives.

From a long personal acquaintance with Brother Burt, we are prepared to express the conviction that no truer or braver man ever lived. He was a most excellent officer, a kind and loving husband and father, a consistent Latter-day Saint, exemplary in all his actions, and a wise and fatherly Bishop, possessing the confidence and affection of the members of his Ward in a most marked degree. Few men are better prepared to die, for few men have made so good a record; and few men would be so much missed or be so profoundly mourned over. There are several circumstances connected with his death that are quite remarkable. He was shown in a dream a few nights before his death the whole of the facts connected with it, and related the dream afterwards to several of the policemen and others, and remarked jocularly to Brother Wilcken, "You tried to save me, Charlie, but you couldn't." His brother, Bishop John Burt, of Brigham City, also had a dream a few days before the murder, which conveyed to him a presentiment of his brother's departure, and he felt so uneasy and anxious to see him, that he had started from home to go to Salt Lake City for that purpose when he received the news by telegraph of the murder.

The funeral service of Bishop Burt was held in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, on the 28th ult., the speakers upon the occasion being Bishop John Sharp and Presidents Jos. F. Smith and John Taylor. The congregation was among the largest ever witnessed at a funeral in that city, and the cortege included 76 vehicles and three bands of music. Most of the business houses of the city were closed, as a mark of respect to the deceased during the morning of the funeral.

We copy the following biographical sketch of our deceased friend from the *Deseret News:*

"Andrew Hill Burt was born in Dunfermline, Fifeshire, Scotland, October 21, 1828. On the 19th of May, 1848, he was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, at Clackmannan, by John Sharp. He left his native country in the fall of 1849, with his father and mother, and joined his brother John, who had preceded him a few months, at St. Louis, where he arrived in November of that year. He worked in the coal mines there for a year and a half, after which he proceeded to Salt Lake, arriving in September, 1851. He remained in this vicinity until 1855, working in the Church quarry, under Bishop Sharp, and then went to Brigham City, where he remained until 1856, when he went south with the general move of the Saints. He served through the Echo Canyon war, being a captain, belonging to a body of sixty picked men. He served on various expeditions for the protection of the people, among which was the San Pete Indian war of 1865. He was made Chief of Police, of Salt Lake City, on February 25, 1862, and on the 14th of February, 1876, was elected City Marshal.

"He was ordained Bishop of the 21st ward on July 5, 1877, and in that capacity, as in all others in which he served, was a devoted and indefatigable servant of the people. The sentiment in that part of the city especially is one of the deepest mourning, every family feeling as keenly as if a member of their immediate circle had been called away, and for the time being they feel like a flock whose shepherd has departed."

CONFERENCE AT NOTTINGHAM.—Meetings of the Nottingham Conference will be held at St. Ann's Chapel (or Temperance Hall), St. Ann Street, Nottingham, on Sunday, October 7th, commencing at 10-30 a.m., and 2 and 6 p.m. President John Henry Smith will be in attendance.

ABSTRACT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

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OPEN-AIR MEETINGS—BAPTISMS AND SICKNESS IN LONDON CONFERENCE.

President E. H. Nye, writing from London, Sept. 6th, says:

"I have just returned from an open-air meeting in Deptford, which I held alone, save with the help of a local brother; we had a large and most attentive audience. Our open-air meetings in that locality, during the last summer, seem to have awakened a deep interest in the minds of the people. Many have called at the house of Brother Heath, in Deptford, making enquiries, apparently anxious to learn more of our doctrines. Similar results are also apparent in North London, from the effects of our meetings on Euston Road.

"Last Monday night I had the satisfaction, through the kind favor of the Lord, of baptizing two more of my cousins.

"At last accounts, Elder Willoughby was slowly recovering, so that he could sit up a little each day; Elder Gibbons is still very poorly, though he travels around a little in Kent. The rest of the Elders, so far as I have any knowledge, are all enjoying good health. Those with me here in London feel well in the work, and we do not fail to awaken the echoes in these old streets at every opportunity, though the rain has interfered with us sadly of late. I have not yet started to go through the different Districts, thinking that I could do more good by remaining here in London to help the boys in holding open-air meetings while the good weather lasts."

IRRELIGIOUS PARISIANS—NO RESPECT FOR THE SABBATH DAY.

Elder J. A. A. Bunot, writing from Paris, Sept. 7th, says:

"I cannot tell, as yet, what will be the result of my labors here. Of the two sisters whose address you gave me, I have seen only one, and there is no prospect of seeing her again or the other, as they cannot go out, for they are working early and late. Here in Paris there is no Sunday for the working people: masons, carpenters, etc., work on Sundays, and factories and stores are open the same as on any other day. There are a few Protestants here, but it is very difficult to get at them. From what I can learn, religion is the last thing in their thoughts. The churches of all denominations are almost empty on Sundays; only a few old women can be seen there. It is fashionable here to be buried by the civil authorities, without the assistance of the clergy. I have seen a great many funerals passing through the streets, but in two or three instances only was there a clergyman. From what I can learn, the great bulk of the population are free-thinkers. I will stay here a little longer, and try to open the door if I can."

CASES OF MIRACULOUS HEALING.

President Charles Weatherston, writing from Sunderland, Sept. 5, 1883, says:

"We are busy traveling and preaching the Gospel. We are not allowed to preach in the parks here or at Newcastle, so we hold forth in the streets, and have pretty good congregations, with some little opposition. All the Traveling Elders, and local Elders also, are endeavoring to do what they can in carrying out the counsel in this matter of out-door preaching, and the proclaiming of the Gospel to the world.

"There has been a case or two of miraculous healing in this Conference which may be worthy of mention, and of publication if you think fit: Sister Margaret Anderson, wife of Wm. Anderson, 44 Leonard St., Portrick Lane, North Stockton, has been an invalid and confined to her bed for eighteen months with rheumatism, and was unable to walk at all. Her husband heard of and obeyed the Gospel, and she also heard the Elders preach in their house, and was told if she obeyed the requirements of the Gospel she should be healed. She complied, and was carried to the water by Brothers Thomas Bennett and James Williams, and was baptized on the 25th of April last by Elder Jos.

H. Evans. She came out of the water without assistance, and walked to her home, a distance of nearly one-fourth of a mile, without the aid of anyone, and since that time has been able to attend to her household duties, and is entirely recovered. There are a number of persons who can testify of these facts at any time.

"I was traveling by train one day, and felt impressed to call at the house of Brother John Parish, of Millfield, Bishop Wearmouth. I accordingly left the train at Millfield station. When I arrived at the house, I found the family all weeping over their child, six months old, which was in convulsions, and they thought it would die. I administered to it, and told them to exercise faith in the Lord, and the child would not die. It was in a fit ten hours, but I called for four days and administered to it every day, with others of the brethren. They had five doctors, but I told them to let doctors and medicine alone. I am thankful to the Lord the child is better and doing well at the present time. This occurred on the 12th of June last.

"We are baptizing a few in this Conference, and quite a number have emigrated this season from here."

UTAH NEWS.

(Summarized from Territorial Papers.)

Through a scaffold giving way upon which three plasterers were at work, on the 11th ult., in the Logan Temple, two of them, John Knowles and Julius Smith, fell and received severe injuries.

The members of the Tabernacle choir, and many of their friends, have had a very enjoyable excursion to Echo Kanyon. The party numbered 300, and the day was spent in a most charming manner.

R. L. Johnson has resigned his office as Bishop of Fountain Green Ward, and Elder Jens Jorgensen, of Moroni, lately returned from a mission to Scandinavia, has been ordained to take his place.

Jeter E. Jones, a former resident of Salt Lake City, who has been demented for some time past, was killed at McCammon Station on the U. & N. R. R. lately, by being run over by a train.

The Heber City Co-operative Mercantile Institution has erected one of the finest stores in the Territory. The people of Provo Valley are in a very prosperous condition, and improvement is the order of the day there.

Curtis E. Bolton, the People's Party candidate for the office of Clerk of Piute Co., was declared elected by the canvassing board, but as some person had written to the Commissioners that he was a polygamist, his case was referred to them for decision.

Counselor John W. Young has gone on a preaching tour through some of the southern counties of the Territory. He is accompanied by Hon. John T. Caine, Utah's Delegate to Congress, who is traveling to become familiar with the wants of his constituents.

A flowing well has been obtained on the farm of David James, a short distance north-west of Salt Lake City, near the Jordan River, by boring to a depth of 125 feet. On removing the augur from the well the water spouted up in the air, and continues to flow with a steady stream.

The fire brigade of Salt Lake City, with a numerous company of friends, have had an excursion to Cache Co. The party filled eleven cars on the

U. C. Railway, and on reaching Ogden there were too many to be accommodated on the excursion train provided by the U. & N. Railway, so a part of them had to follow up on a later train.

Continued depredations from tramps, who seem to be infesting Utah in unusual numbers at present, are reported. The residence of Geo. Swan, between Kaysville and Ogden, was recently burglarized, during the temporary absence of the family. The guilty parties, a couple of tramps, were subsequently caught at Ogden, and most of the stolen property recovered.

C. D. Brinton, of South Cottonwood, had a frightful experience lately in being tossed about and gored by a bull. He was thrown into the air a number of times, one time alighting on the animal's back, another time on a fence, and was finally pitched clear over the fence and out of reach of the beast. His clothing was torn to shreds, and he received some very severe wounds.

Elder Wm. M. Bromley, who, for some time past has been presiding over the New Zealand Mission, has returned to his home in Springville, Utah. When he arrived in New Zealand, there were but three Branches of the Church there; now there are ten among the whites and one among the Maories. The prospect is good for many more of the Maories embracing the Gospel soon. Elders W. T. Stewart, J. C. Stewart and Charles Heybourne are at present located among the Maories, studying their language. Two tracts, explanatory of the principles of the Gospel, have also been published in the Maori language, for distribution among that people.

A sad and fatal accident occurred at Provo on the 20th ult. Night-watchman Silas Allred arrested a couple of tramps, and while he was taking them to jail one of them broke loose and attempted to escape. Mr. Allred, being unable to follow on account of having the other man in charge, called upon him to halt, and tried to frighten him into doing so by firing his pistol, aiming at the ground, however, instead of at the fugitive. It seems the bullet after striking the ground must have rebounded, for it struck Mrs. Ellen Lewis, the wife of Orrin Lewis, and passed through her body, though she was twenty rods distant. She died from the effects a few hours afterwards. She was an estimable young lady, and had only been married three weeks.

The work of convassing the returns of the general election was completed on the 24th ult., resulting in a verdict for the People's Party candidate in every instance. The members of the Legislature elected are as follows—Councilors: Franklin S. Richards, Edwin G. Woolley, Wm. W. Cluff, Luther T. Tuttle, James T. Hammond, Robert W. Heybourne, Joel J. Grover, Jonathan S. Page, Heber J. Grant, Heber J. Richards, Wm. W. Taylor, Joseph Barton. Representatives: David H. Peery, Joseph Stanford, John Rider, Abram Hatch, John Boyden, Rees R. Lewellyn, Albert D. Thurber, John Houston, Benjamin F. Cummings, jun., Joseph Howell, Philo F. Farnsworth, Joseph V. Robison, Oliver G. Snow, Wilson H. Dusenberry, Samuel R. Thurman, Wm. Creer, George Webb, James Sharp, John Morgan, John Clark, Don Carlos Young, Caleb D. Brinton, Samuel Francis, Charles L. Anderson.